April 5 – 1917
Thursday. —

My Precious Joe: —

Mr. Swallow told me to sit down and write that daily love letter or else somebody's going to be dreadfully disappointed. I looked up at him in surprised and asked him "Why do you say that?" "Oh," he smiled "you can't put anything over on me." No, I guess I can't even if I do plead innocence with every breath.

In yesterday's letter you told me you were enclosing a clipping

at I have reached home. I don't know what makes me do such fool things

You asked me with whom I went to the theatre last — with Nell, Emma Weinstein, my cousin and brother. There I meet a few people I know. Last night I got home early and in the evening we all went to see your favorite moving picture star — Guess whom? ——— Hope —

~~Hette~~ Mara. But was tired — and Sadie, not feeling well enough to go, remained home — So I didn't wait to see the entire thing. Besides it rained

and I don't think you did, for I turned the envelope inside out, looked all over but could find no clipping! Will you mail it to me, for I want to read it.

Sad News, for a cyclone! Did it do much damage in Penn.? It seems terrible to me — anybody hurt? The people must have been very frightened. The weather here to-day is cold and dreary — feels like snow. I was deceived by the weather and started out without my coat — but have on my heavy black serge dress and furs — and hope it is going to rain or snow it will warm me —

about it.

Now, I am going to tell you a great piece of news concerning Fz. Do you know what he intends doing? He is going to invest what money he has at the end of the year and become a partner to the firm for which he is now working for — isn't that great? In a few years he will be drawing big money — so I hardly think, now, he is thinking of any other state.

Am enclosing the catalogue that I told you about.

Oceans of love
from
Frances.